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JESUS, LOVER
OF MY SOUL

HUGH OSTERHUS



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JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

BY

HUGH OSTERHUS



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To
MY WIFE

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

*Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the waters nearer roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!*

*Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.*

* * * * *

*Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.*

—C. WESLEY

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL!

Jesus Christ, my only Saviour,
Heartily Thy name I laud ;
Notwithstanding my behavior
Thou hast loved me, Lamb of God.

Thou hast died in woe and sadness,
Freeing me from great distress ;
I have hated Thee in madness—
Thou hast loved me ne'ertheless.

And Thy love will never waver,
Never wilt Thou be untrue ;
Kindly wilt Thou show me favor
With each day and hour anew.

When life's sorrow like a story
That is finished will be o'er,
Thou wilt show me, Lord, Thy glory,
Thou wilt love me evermore.

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OUR LORD

OUR LORD

We would not like to live
Without our Lord;
To Him our hearts we give
With one accord.

We were baptized and learned
His grace and love,
By which for us He earned
A home above.

We are His members dear,
He is our Head.
How sweet it is to hear
The words He said!

These words which we believe
Make us content,
And gladly we receive
His Sacrament.

He leads us every day;
We are His own.
Let us commit our way
To Him alone!

THE SECOND ADAM

Rom. V, 15, 18, 19

We were reduced by Adam's fall
To sin and death and Satan's thrall,
Until the second Adam came,
Who freed the world from guilt and shame.

For as by one all were *enslaved*,
So by One also all were *saved*;
As *sin* by one man did abound,
So *grace* and *truth* in One are found.

As *condemnation* came by one,
So One *forgiveness* for us won;
As one caused *death with all its woes*,
So One *eternal life* bestows.

For what was *lost* by Adam's fall
Our Saviour did *regain* for all
When He for all on Calvary
Atonement made so graciously.

JESUS OUR HELPER

We're children here that do not know
Their going out and coming in;
Alone our Saviour can bestow
True help on us despite our sin.

What would all earthly things avail,
If Jesus Christ would not be nigh
And lend us aid when foes assail,
When troubles grieve and multiply?

What could poor human reason do
To guide us safely through the maze
Of baffling tasks, which would undo
The labors of our former days?

But Jesus leads us in His way,
Forgiving our iniquities
Until our coming Easter Day
Will end this world of vanities.

HE LOVES US SO

Christ is our souls' Physician
Who cures our inmost woe
And frees us from perdition—
Because He loves us so.

To save us He did languish
And thus o'ercame our foe;
He suffered deadly anguish,
Because He loved us so.

In heav'n He will receive us,
Yea, even here below
He'll never, never leave us,
Because He loves us so.

True love and consecration
This Friend we surely owe
And praise and adoration—
Because He loves us so.

OUR HERO

In olden tales of chivalry
Of admirable knights we read,
Who by some grand heroic deed
Great honors won and victory.

We read of Siegfried strong and bold
Whom Hagen treacherously slew;
Of Arthur, Britain's ruler, too,
And his round table, famed of old.

Of Roland, champion of Charlemagne
And star of chivalry, who fought
To aid the wronged and great deeds wrought
Until he found his death in Spain.

And of so many a mother's son
These fanciful romances tell
Who vanquished dangers thick and fell,
Not resting till his tasks were done.

But let us from these legends old
Turn to our God's unerring Word,
To Jesus Christ, our gracious Lord;
He is indeed a Hero bold.

He is our truly peerless Knight,
Who overcame all bitter foes
Of our salvation, and arose,
On Easter showing forth His might.

Then He ascended gloriously
To heaven, where we too shall go,
And sits there, freed from cross and woe,
Crowned with eternal majesty.

On Whitsunday He kindly sent
The Comforter from heaven's throne,
That we might not be left alone,
And gave us Word and Sacrament.

He is our mighty Paladin;
Ends of the world, in Him confide
And steadfastly in Him abide,
Because He saves our souls from sin.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD; I SHALL NOT WANT

My Shepherd cares for me; I am content;
Oh, how I love His Word and Sacrament!
O'er verdant fields He leads me to my goal;
Beside still waters He restores my soul.
Yea, though I walk through death's dark shadows,
still
I tremble not, because I fear no ill,
For Thou art nigh; I put my trust in Thee;
Thy rod and staff, dear Saviour, comfort me.
Anointed with Thy Spirit from on high,
I walk in paths of righteousness and joy.
Thy table cheers my heart, my cup o'erflows
Before the very faces of my foes.
Goodness and mercy follow me each day,
And in God's temple shall I dwell for aye.

THE SHEPHERD PSALM

(*Another version*)

The Lord, my Shepherd, feeds me graciously ;
He makes me to lie down on verdant meads
Beside still brooks, supplying all my needs ;
He fills my soul with sweet tranquillity.

He leads me in the path of righteousness
For His name's sake. Yea, though I pass the vale
Of death's dark shadow, yet I turn not pale :
For Thou art nigh ; Thy rod and staff I bless.

Thou hast prepared a table lovingly
Before me in the presence of my foes ;
My cup, O bounteous Giver, overflows ;
With Oil of Gladness Thou anointest me.

Goodness and mercy follow me each day,
In times of storm or sunshine, weal or woe,
Unceasingly, wherever I may go ;
And in God's house shall I abide for aye.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

A picture in my study speaks to me
Of Him who saves the sinner graciously :

The Son of God seeks in the wilderness
The weary sheep in trouble and distress.

It suffers so from hunger, thirst, and frost ;
And He would save the sheep, for it is lost.

Thank God! He hurries, and His arm is nigh;
He holds the sheep—it need not, will not die.

This picture has great power to console,
For in the sheep I recognize my soul.

When I was born a child of wrath and shame,
He found me and baptized me in His name.

O JESUS, SHEPHERD MINE

(*From the German*)

O Jesus, Shepherd mine,
I follow Thee alone;
All strangers I mistrust,
They only seek their own.
The hireling leaves his post,
When danger draweth near;
But Thou art kind and true,
To Thee I will adhere.

O may I evermore
Thy gentle voice obey
And not distrust Thy grace,
Nor from Thy shepcote stray,
But daily cast my load
Of sin and care on Thee;
For Thou hast proved Thy love
On Golgotha to me.

I AM SATISFIED

On Calvary my Saviour died,
And earned eternal life for me,
To which He leads me lovingly—
Why should I not be satisfied?

He also keeps me well supplied
With each and every thing I need;
He is a glorious Friend indeed—
Why should I not be satisfied?

The Son of God is at my side
In every trouble, every pain,
For no one trusts in Him in vain—
Why should I not be satisfied?

If I am only with my Guide,
Then come what may, I shall not quail,
I shall not even fear death's vale—
In life and death I'm satisfied.

SAVIOUR, WE DELIGHT IN THEE

Saviour, Thou art always near us,
We delight in Thee;
No one else could ever clear us
Of iniquity.
Neither men nor angels sought us
And redeemed our bitter loss;
Thou alone hast dearly bought us
On the shameful cross.

Thou hast called us to inherit
Heaven's blissful land,
And wilt keep us by Thy Spirit
Safely in Thy hand.
Lord, though *we* grow weak, and falter
In our faith and love,
Thou art strong, and dost not alter,—
Thou art from above.

Neither high nor lowly station,
Neither friend nor foe,
Neither sin's abomination
Nor a world of woe,
Neither pleasure nor disaster,
Neither heav'n nor earth and sea,—
Nothing, nothing, dearest Master,
Severs us from Thee.

WE ARE THINE

(After the German of *J. Sturm*)

Our hearts are in heaven wherever we be;
Lord Jesus, our hearts are in heaven with Thee.
For we are Thy own, Thou hast bought us with
blood,
And pardoned and cleansed us in Baptism's flood.

We sat in the prison of darkness and gloom,
Our sins made us helpless and hastened our doom;
But Thou hast released us from bondage and cares,
Hast filled us with joy, and hast made us Thy heirs.

No longer we're naked, Lord, sightless, and lame;
The robe of Thy righteousness covers our shame;

Our eyes are enlightened, Thy gifts we behold,
Thy grace and Thy peace, which are better than
gold.

Thou leadest us, bearing our standard, the cross;
We do not look back to the world with its dross,
But follow Thy steps to the city divine
To dwell there forever, because we are Thine.

HAIL, THOU LORD OF SABAOTH

Nazarene, Thou art no dreamer,
Thou art truly *Man* and *God*,
Our Messiah and Redeemer,
Abram's Seed and Jesse's Rod.

Son of Man, so kind and tender,
Present Helper in our need,
Far from being a pretender,
Thou art *very God indeed*.

Man of Sorrows, pale and gory,
Yet *almighty God in troth*,
Prince of Peace and King of Glory,
Hail, Thou Lord of Sabaoth!

SON OF GOD, HEAR MY CONFESSION

Son of God, hear my confession!—
Though my heart is full of sin,
Yet a hearing I shall win,
For Thy grace is my possession.

Great indeed is my transgression;
But Thou hast forgiven me
All my guilt and levity,
Now Thy peace is my possession.

Spiritual retrogression
Oft my soul has mortified;
Yet my joy and hope abide,
For Thy strength is my possession.

Scarcely can I find expression
For the thoughts that move my heart:
Lord, how good and kind Thou art,
E'en Thy heav'n is my possession.

Never will I let depression
Henceforth cloud Thy faithfulness;
I am all unrighteousness,
Thou Thyself art my possession!

IMMANUEL, PROTECT OUR HELPLESS HEARTS

Immanuel, protect our helpless hearts
From Satan's anger and his fiery darts,
But also from our evil flesh and blood,
And from the wicked world's seductive arts.

These cruel foes assail us constantly;
But, Lord, we put our confidence in Thee,
For Thou art with us every day and hour,
Still helping us to gain the victory.

We have Thy holy Word and Sacrament;
Especially the blessed days of Lent
Have placed Thy cross before our eyes again;
And when we see Thy cross, we are content.

Be with us, Jesus Christ, by day and night,
Teach us to hate the wrong and love the right;
Direct our faltering steps continually,
And lead us homeward by Thy gracious might.

"LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAY"

Our Lord is with us every day;
This promise is a blessed ray
Of consolation on our way.

He's with us in our joy and plight,
Yea, even in the darkest night,
With His deep wisdom and great might.

Alway, He says, I am with you;
Then let us labor, dare anew,
For all His words are surely true.

For the performance of each task
His help and favor let us ask
And in His love's warm sunshine bask.—

Our Lord is with us every hour;
This promise is a blessed dower
Of comfort full of strength and power.

"FOR ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST, AND TO DIE IS GAIN"

Phil. 1, 21

Lord Jesus Christ, my Saviour dear,
Thy love has rescued me
From sin and guilt, from gloom and fear;
Now I am glad and free.

I need not tremble nor despair
Before death's dark abyss,
For I'm a child of God, an heir
Of everlasting bliss.

I thank Thee for Thy sweat, Thy pain,
Thy death on Calvary's cross.
Thou art my life, death is my gain;
Without Thee all is loss.

TOWARD HEAVEN, MY HOME, I WANDER

Toward heaven, my home, I wander
And sing my happy lay;
The Saviour's love I ponder,
Whatever the world may say.

Since He has healed my blindness,
I see the light of day
And praise His grace and kindness,
Whatever the world may say.

His holy steps I follow,
Though narrow be the way;
Its joys are never hollow,
Whatever the world may say.

The fruit of sinful pleasures
Is darkness and decay,
But I have lasting treasures,
Whatever the world may say.

And Jesus has foretold me
That I should live for aye;
This faith and hope uphold me,
Whatever the world may say.

THE ROSE OF SHARON

Walking through a valley green,
I beheld a blossom there
Beautiful beyond compare,
Such as I had never seen.

Since that hour I'm dwelling there.—
Never from the place I go,
For it satisfies me so
To behold the flower fair.

Christ, Thou art the thornless Rose,
For in Thee, Redeemer kind,
My immortal soul doth find
Sweetest pleasure and repose.

GOD'S WORD AND THE CHURCH YEAR

WHAT THE LAW DEMANDS

The Law demands that we
Should serve our God alone;
The only living God is He
Who sits on heaven's throne.

To Him we are to pray
And praise His gracious name;
We are to keep His holy-day
And spread His glorious fame.

The children should obey;
Obedience God will bless
With length of life and with the ray
Of earthly happiness.

We should not hate or kill,
Commit adultery,
Steal, or transgress Jehovah's will
By fraud or usury.

False witness and all greed,
Envy and covetousness
We should avoid, and always lead
A life of holiness.

Alas! we cannot keep
The Law of God, our Lord;
We are by nature wayward sheep,
And sin against His Word.

But when our misery
Would drive us to despair,
We flee to cross-crowned Calvary,
And find true solace there.

THE GOSPEL

Hark, sinners from each land and clime,
Whatever be your fault or crime,
You are invited by the chime
 Of the Gospel.

Jehovah's Son from heaven came
And died to rid you of all blame,
He saves those trusting in His name;
 That's the Gospel.

God's love will never be repealed;
His gracious counsel is unsealed,
His highest glory is revealed
 In the Gospel.

Believe what Jesus' words impart,
They free you from the devil's smart,
Firmly rely with all your heart
 On the Gospel.

Let these glad tidings be your choice
And in God's holy place rejoice,
Thanking the Lord with joyful voice
 For the Gospel.

But many are left in night and gloom;
O save them from eternal doom,
In paradise there is still room,—
 Spread the Gospel!

BEFORE THE SERMON

With joy I will portray
The Son of God to-day
By preaching to my congregation
The blessed Word of our salvation.

May I perform this art
With a believing heart,
Sincerity, ability,
And with unfeigned humility.

O may it be my aim
To glorify God's name
And serve my hearers,—not myself
By preaching for the sake of self.

May I not preach in vain
The Gospel pure and plain,
But may it lead the hearers' heart
To choose and keep the needful part.

Then will I sing each day
Christ's praises while I may,
Who made the Christians by His Spirit
And saves the world without its merit

SEARCH THY BREAST!

*"Examine yourselves, whether ye be in faith; prove
your own selves."* 2 Cor. 13, 5

Glad tidings have been preached,
The Gospel has been heard,
But has thy heart been reached
By God's most precious Word?

Has Christ's redeeming power,
Cheering thy mind and soul
During this sacred hour,
Saved thee and made thee whole?

Or is thy heart like stone,
Untouched, unmoved within,
Forsaken and alone
In the dark realm of sin?

O hearer, search thy breast
Before it is too late;
Be willing to be blessed,
And shun the sinner's fate!

ADVENT SUNDAY

Again Thou comest to Thy own,
O Prince of Peace, to-day.
Within our hearts ascend Thy throne
And ever there hold sway.

By Word and Sacrament refresh
Thy Christians, hear each prayer,
And guard from Satan, world, and flesh
Our souls with tender care.

Fulfill Thy promises anew:—
Our numerous sins efface,
With living faith our hearts imbue,
And give us grace for grace.

Increase in us the flame of love
Our joy and hope renew
In these last days so perilous
When storms around us brew.

And, lastly,—make us steadfast, Lord,
That when Thou wilt return
With rich, unmerited reward
Our lamps may brightly burn.

THE SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD

(*Christmas*)

The sweetest story ever told
Is that of Christ, our Lord,
Who came to Bethlehem of old
Great help us to afford.
Our human brother He became,
And JESUS is His gracious name.

The sweetest story ever told
Is that of Christ, our King,
Of whom the shepherds by their fold
Heard angel voices sing,
“Glory to God, good will to men,
And peace shall reign on earth again!”

The sweetest story ever told
Is that of God’s own Child,
Who myrrh and frankincense and gold
Received from sages mild
That from the Orient afar
Had traveled, guided by a star.

The sweetest story ever told
Is that of Jesse’s Rod,
Who, as the prophets had foretold,
Appeased the wrath of God,
And, dying for us on the cross,
Made restitution for our loss.

The sweetest story ever told
Should be retold anew
Wherever sorrows manifold
The hearts of men pursue;
For all that trust this Child rejoice:
God's grace is ours and paradise.

The sweetest story ever told
Will be the glorious theme
That will resound a thousandfold
Before the Throne Supreme,
Where saints with angels evermore
Our blessed Saviour will adore.

FROM JESSE'S GENERATION

(A translation of *Es ist ein Reis entsprungen*)

From Jesse's generation
A tender Stem arose,
The hope of Judah's nation,
And bore a lovely Rose.
This Plant so long foretold
Sprang forth amid night's shadows
In winter bleak and cold.

This Plant of which Esaias
Did speak in days of yore
Was Jesus, whom the pious,
Pure Virgin Mary bore
At night, in poverty,
According to God's gracious
Foreknowledge and decree.

This lovely Rose, and fragrant,
Dispels the gloomy night
Of our transgressions flagrant,
And gives us heavenly light.
O God-man good and kind,
Rescue from sin and sorrow
And death in Thee we find.

I FEEL LIKE CRYING FOR JOY

I feel like crying for joy,
When the Christmas-gospel I hear;
God's Son became our ally
Against the foes that we fear,—
O message of love and cheer!

The Helper who reconciles
The world with His Father is born;
In the manger He lies and smiles;
O friends, be no longer forlorn,
With faith your hearts adorn.

The angels in pious mirth
Sing glory to God in the air,
They herald peace on earth
And good will everywhere;
O world, forget thy care!

ANOTHER YEAR OF GRACE

Another year! God's wondrous love
Is ever, ever new;
His precious bounties from above
Flow on, for He is true.

The records of our bygone sins
Sink in oblivion's sea;
Another year of grace begins,
Free grace for you and me.

Another year! The Lord be blessed!
He leads, and we march on,
Until we reach th' eternal rest
Where time and sin are gone.

IN OUR SAVIOUR'S NAME

In our Saviour's name
We begin the year;
He remains the same,
Fellow-Christians dear.
On His love and power
Let us, then, rely
Every day and hour
As the years go by.

True, we do not know
What the year may bring,
Happiness or woe;
Therefore let us cling
To our Lord in prayer,
Who is always nigh
With His watchful care
As the years go by.

In the future, too,
As our Strength and Light
He will help us do
What is good and right,

Pardon our faults,
Foiling from on high
Satan's fierce assaults
As the years go by.

And our hope is this,
That when life is past,
Everlasting bliss
Will be ours at last.
When we die, we go
To the Lord, our Joy.
Oh! this cheers us so
As the years go by.

Welcome, then, new year!
Whatsoe'er betides,
Christ, our Shepherd dear,
With His fold abides.
On His grace and power
Let us still rely
Every day and hour
As the years go by.

THE NEW YEAR

Where'er we are in this new year,
God and His grace are with us.
The Holy Ghost and Jesus dear
At every place are with us.

Of dangers dark we're not afraid,
For angels bright are with us.
Celestial hosts with mighty aid
By day and night are with us.

Our sins condemn us nevermore,
The words of life are with us.
The truths that stand forevermore,
Despite all strife are with us.

Thanks be to God! Joy, peace, and hope
Of heaven's sweet May are with us.
We know our path, we need not grope,
The rays of day are with us.

NEW YEAR'S REFLECTIONS

"Let us, then, be up and doing"
—LONGFELLOW

Christ has led us very kindly
During all the bygone days,
Though we sinned against Him blindly
In so many ways.

He has pardoned our transgressions,
And has claimed us as His own,
Making for us intercession
At His Father's throne.

And with many a lovely treasure
Daily He delighted us,
Granting us of gifts a measure
Rich and bounteous.

When life's grievous imperfection
Deeply pained and saddened us,
His free grace and warm affection
Greatly gladdened us.

With His help He will provide us
Also on each coming day;
With His mercy He will guide us
In the narrow way.

All the tasks that He imposes
He will help us to pursue;
We shall love the Law of Moses
In this new year, too.

These reflections tend to make us
Full of gratitude and cheer,
For our Lord will not forsake us;
Wherefore should we fear?

"Let us, then, be up and doing"
Ere our fleeting life is gone,
Our endeavors still renewing;—
JESUS leads us on!

ALONE BY FAITH

(*Good Friday*)

Why hast Thou lain upon Thy countenance,
Lord, in Gethsemane?
Why hast Thou vehemently fought with death,
Exceeding sorrowful?
Why has Thy agony been so great that drops
Of blood fell from Thy forehead?
Why hast Thou suffered that ungodly crew
To lay their hands on Thee?
Why hast Thou suffered them to vex Thy soul
With cruel mockery?
Why hast Thou, Lamb, allowed Thy foes t' adjudge

Thee as a base blasphemer?
Why hast Thou suffered to be spitted on,
Although Thou wast almighty,
And to be scourged and crowned with thorns,—a
man
Of abject misery?—
Why hast Thou stood before the furious people
Who clamored for Thy death,
And why hast Thou allowed that unjust judge
His verdict to pronounce?
Why hast Thou borne the heavy tree of shame
Upon Thy holy shoulder?
Why hast Thou willingly, without complaint,
Stretched out Thy hands and feet?
Why hast Thou tasted all the pangs of hell
Unto the bitter dregs,
When Thou, enshrouded in the blackest night,
Forsaken wast by God?—
Why hast Thou bowed Thy weary head and died,
Between two malefactors,
While in God's house the veil was rent in twain?—
O tell me, Lord, why?—why?—

*“Because of thy salvation, sinful man.—
I have performed the work;
Accept this offering of free grace and love
By faith, alone by faith!”*

THE EASTER MESSAGE

The rosy dawn proclaims the coming day ;
Behold three pious women on their way.

They hasten to anoint Christ crucified,
Their blessed Master, who, alas ! has died.

One thought disturbs them ere they reach His grave,
"Who will remove the stone before the cave?"

But, lo ! as they approached the place, they saw
The open sepulcher with fear and awe.

For in it sat an angel clothed in white,
Who said : "O women, be not filled with fright !

"Jesus of Nazareth who lay here dead
Is risen. Go, these joyful tidings spread."

O glorious Easter message full of balm
For sinful hearts, thou bring'st us heavenly calm.

Now we are sure that faith is not a dream,
For He that rose must be the Lord Supreme.

Then, too, Christ's resurrection makes it clear
That all His words are truthful and sincere,

And that the world is truly reconciled
To God, who raised our Substitute, His Child ;

And, lastly, that—O joy!—on Judgment Day
We also shall arise and live for aye.

Hence let us keep this feast aright forsooth
With the unleavened bread of unfeigned truth.

SWEET EASTER BELLS

Sweet Easter bells,
Your ringing tells
Of exultation,
Of free salvation
For every nation,
And life and immortality.

Ye bells proclaim
Our Saviour's fame—
The end victorious
Of His most glorious
And meritorious
Self-sacrifice on Calvary.

The Christ arose
From pain and woes;
He ends our misery,
He cures our malady,
Our sad fatality,
And blesses us eternally.

Ye bells proclaim
That in the name
Of Christ, the Crucified,
Who for us bled and died,
The world is justified
And cleansed from all iniquity.

Sweet Easter bells,
Your ringing tells
Of exultation,
Of free salvation
For every nation,
And life and immortality.

THE LORD IS RISEN

On Easter Day the Prince of Life,
The Victor in the deadly strife,
Our Lord, who died on Calvary,
Rose from His grave triumphantly.

Hallelujah!

The human race in bondage lay,
But Jesus took its sin away,
Led captive our captivity,
O'ercame our foes, and set us free.

Hallelujah!

The Lord is risen, and was seen
By weeping Mary Magdalene,
By His disciples, one and all,
And others, finally by Paul.

Hallelujah!

He that is risen from the dead
Now lives forever as our Head,
Nor will His members ever die;
This message fills our hearts with joy.

Hallelujah!

The Lord is risen that we all
By faith might rise from Adam's fall,
And henceforth to our Saviour cling,
Until in heaven we shall sing:

Hallelujah!

WHEN EASTER DAWNS

When Easter dawns,
And snow-white lilies bloom,
We stand in triumph at the empty tomb.
From which the Victor over death arose,
And every heart is filled with sweet repose
When Easter dawns.

When Easter dawns,
We are assured anew
That Jesus is the Christ, our Helper true,
And that *His* Father is *our* Father too.
Hence, let the Church its hymns of joy renew
When Easter dawns.

When Easter dawns,
And spring awakes from sleep,
We do not, hopeless, stand at graves and weep;
For Christ brought immortality to light.
Then let us praise the Saviour, our Delight,
When Easter dawns.

EASTER

Jesus Christ was declared to be the Son of God with power . . . by the resurrection from the dead. Rom. 1, 4.

Christ was declared with power
God's Son on Easter Day,
Our mighty Shield and Tower,
Our only Strength and Stay,—

The Helper sent from heaven,
Whom we can trust indeed,
The Lamb for sinners given,
The Friend in sorest need.

He was declared with power
The Life, the Truth, the Way
To heav'n's unfading bower.—
O blessed Easter Day!

CHRIST RETURNED TO HEAVEN ON HIGH

Christ returned to heaven on high
On Ascension Day
That we, too, with heartfelt joy
There might wend our way.

May we ever set our heart
On the things above,
Ever choose the needful part
Of His tender love.

May we walk as heaven's heirs
Ever here below;
May earth's fleeting joys and cares
Not engross us so.

May we confidently pray
To the Son of God
As we tread this earthly way
Which He, too, has trod.

May we use His means of grace
Conscientiously,
Till we shall behold His face
In eternity.

PENTECOSTAL PRAYER

O Holy Ghost,
Who wast poured out
On Whitsunday
With fiery tongues
On Christ's Apostles,
And rearest up
The Church's temple
Even to-day
Of living stones ;—
Thy power display!

O Holy Ghost,
Thou Oil of Gladness,
Descend from heaven
And fill our hearts
Despite our sins
With faith and love,
With life and truth,
That we may be
Vessels of grace
Prepared by Thee.

O Holy Ghost,
Spirit of Truth,
Enlighten us,
Remind us of
The Saviour's words,
Exound to us
The mysteries

Of godliness,
Direct our steps—
Uphold and bless!

O Holy Ghost,
Thou Comforter,
Stand by us in
The thick of fight,
Help us to pray,
Teach us to brave
Life's somber storms
And perilous,
And reach th' abode
Prepared for us!

TRINITY SUNDAY

The Father sent His Son from heaven's throne,
To save the fallen was our Lord's endeavor;
O let us praise such love to sinners shown,
And glorify the Triune God forever!

The Saviour freed us from our dreadful plight,
And will He ever leave us? Never, never!
It it our duty, then, and sacred right
To glorify the Triune God forever.

The Spirit makes us firm in faith and love,
Christ and His Church no enemy can sever,
In safety we shall reach our home above,
And glorify the Triune God forever.

OUR ASSURANCE

(*Reformation festival*)

The Church will never fall,
Nor be reduced to thrall;
Our Lord Himself protects His fold,
And leads it on to joys untold.

The Church will never fall,
For God's great Gospel call:
"Repent, and trust in Christ alone,"
Still lives and sounds from zone to zone.

The Church will never fall;
We need not fear at all;
"God's Word and Luther's doctrine pure
Will to eternity endure."

LUTHER EMERGED VICTORIOUSLY

Luther emerged victoriously
From his heroic fight
Against the emperor and the pope,
Yea, Satan's guile and might.

The unadulterated Truth
He pointed out to men;
The Word that saves immortal souls
He brought to light again.

As Luther battled valiantly,
So we must fight and win
The victory o'er unbelief,
O'er heresy and sin.

For many cast their pearl away,
And cling to gilded dross;
They are ashamed of Jesus Christ,
They stumble at His cross.

Oh, let us, then, hold fast our crown,
God's pure and precious Word,
Till we shall magnify above
The mercy of our Lord.

THE CHURCH'S REFORMATION

The Christian Church was not indeed
Reformed by Luther's power;
But God Himself performed this deed
At His appointed hour.

He sent His servant, who exposed
The Antichrist's deceit,
Proclaimed good tidings, and disclosed
The "Lamp unto our feet."

Oh, therefore let us celebrate
The Jubilee* aright
And to our God rededicate
Our hearts each day and night.

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO

A bold monk nailed a message
With the Spirit of God aglow
To the door of Wittenberg's castle church
Four hundred years ago.

*The four hundredth anniversary of the Reformation.

The blows of his hammer sounded
A fearless note indeed;
The Reformation of the Church
Was begun by his manly deed.

And lo! the precious Gospel
Of Christ sent forth its rays,
Arousing the world to a new springtime
Of Pentecostal days.

And the Roman pontiff trembled,
For his wickedness was revealed
By the Spirit of God; but the monk was calm:—
God's Word his sword and shield.

He opened the Holy Scripture
For the people, and broke their bands,
And God was served aright again
With heart and mouth and hands.

Let us thank our God for His own deed
Four hundred years ago,
And carefully guard our inheritance
That frees our souls from woe.

But let us also be eager
To spread this Message of grace;
For only the old, old Gospel truth
Can save the human race.

THE TIME IS DRAWING NIGH

(Twenty-sixth Sunday after Trinity)

The time is drawing nigh
When we shall see our Lord,
Descending to us from on high,
According to His Word.

Before His awful throne
All men of every land,
Of every clime and every zone
Will congregated stand.

The Saviour will divide
The godless from His sheep,
Who in His grace alone confide,
And His commandments keep.

And then He will invite
His flock to dwell with Him
In heav'n, the home of pure delight,
And join the angels' hymn.

But woe unto the band
Of sinners on His left!
They'll go to the accursed land,
Of joy and hope bereft.

Beloved Saviour, hear!
Preserve us in Thy grace,
That, when Thou shalt as Judge appear,
We may not dread Thy face.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Father, for our clothes and food,
For Thy tender, loving care,
Rain and sunshine, light and air,
We give thanks, for Thou art good.

Saviour, for Thy Holy Word,
For Thy grace, unique, benign,
And Thy Sacraments divine
We give thanks with one accord.

Holy Spirit, who hast wrought
Faith within us, praise to Thee!—
Joyfully and gratefully
We adore Thee, Triune God!

FAITH AND ITS FRUITS

THE FOLLY OF ATHEISM

An atheist who came to Kircher, the astronomer,
With whom he was acquainted, saw a newly pur-
chased globe
Of splendid execution in the scholar's room, and
asked,
"Who made this work? Whence came it?" Quietly
the owner said,
"It came from no place; no one made it; of its own
accord
It must have placed itself here in my room for
handy use."
Excitedly the infidel exclaimed, "Why do you not
Insult me in some other way than by such foolish
talk?"
But Kircher with great emphasis replied, "True,
foolish talk
You justly call it to assert that this my globe, which
is
Only a little and imperfect picture of the world,
Came into being by mere chance; but is it not indeed
A greater folly to believe that no one made and rules
The universe?"—*The fool says in his heart, There
is no God.*

WE SHALL UNDERSTAND

Now we see through a glass, darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known. 1 Cor. 13, 12.

Many a doctrine, Christians dear,
To our reason seems not clear,
This does not perplex us though,
Nor our faith o'erthrow.

For these glorious teachings far,
Far above our reason are;
We must own that we but know
Little here below.

Can we fathom depths unknown,
Measure the eternal throne,
Or behold our God on high
With our mortal eye?

What we cannot *comprehend*
We *believe*, and in the end
When we'll be in heaven's land,
We shall understand.

THE JUST SHALL LIVE BY FAITH

The pious father Abraham
To Canaan out of Haran came.
A man of faith was he indeed
And proved it by a marv'lous deed:
His only son he almost killed
And thus Jehovah's will fulfilled;
His sins God freely did forgive,
For "*by his faith the just shall live.*"

St. Paul dwells very frequently
And likewise very earnestly
On this great theme and makes it plain
That human works are quite in vain,
If they are done God's wrath t' appease
And so man's guilty heart to ease,
And that *this* truth alone can give
True peace: *by faith the just shall live.*

Under the bushel lay this truth,
When Luther, Christian hearts to soothe,
Again this sweet old Word proclaimed ;
O let us never be ashamed
Of it, but openly confess :
Christ Jesus is our Righteousness ;
By grace He doth our sins forgive.
O joy: *by faith the just shall live!*

THE FIRST PSALM

The man that keepeth not
With sinners company
Nor with the vile doth plot
And scornful men doth flee
Shall ever blessed be.

God's Law with great delight
He studies through the day,
Bethinks in stilly night,
And has in mind alway,—
That man is blest, I say.

For he is like a tree,
Which by a river-side
Bears fruitage seasonably ;
His foliage will abide
And ever shade provide.

Success his every plan
Attends ;—but sinners are
Like chaff, which by the fan
Is blown, and driven far ;
Their sins their fortune mar.

In judgment they'll not stand
Nor in the midst of those
That keep the Lord's commands ;
The just man's way God knows,
To ruin the sinner goes.

THE FRUIT OF FAITH

To serve our Saviour is so sweet ;
This world He entered from above,
And saved us. Therefore it is meet
To prove our faith by love.

Oh, let us preach the tidings glad,
Point sinners to the home above,
Whose hearts are weary, troubled, sad,
And prove our faith by love.

Before we shall be filled with bliss
In yonder glorious world above,
We should proclaim Christ's grace in *this*
And prove our faith by love.

THRICE HAPPY HEARTS

True faith lays hold on grace divine,
And makes us branches of the Vine.

Hope cheers our spirits in dismay,
And points to heaven's blissful day.

Love longs to serve our Father dear,
And helps the needy neighbor here.

Thrice happy hearts which from above
These gifts receive: *faith, hope, and love.*

BECAUSE THE WORLD IS MONEY-MAD

Because the world is money-mad,
It is so sad;
It is without the Christian's joy,
The peace of God on high.

Because the world loves sin and vice,
It scorns the price
That Christ has paid for Adam's race,
And spurns His saving grace.

But we who are the Lord's rejoice;
His gracious voice,
His Gospel, cheers us every day,
And guides us on our way.

How soon life's journey will be o'er,
And heaven's door
Will swing wide open to receive
All pilgrims that believe.

Hence we are thankful, triumph, sing,
And praise our King,
And seek to serve the Lord who bled
And battled in our stead.

Oh, world, wilt thou be sad for aye?
Repent to-day,
Accept the Gospel, and enjoy
The peace of God on high.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

(After the German of *Ph. Spitta*)

There is no greater beauty,
No bliss with less annoy,
Than doing all our duty
With simple, heartfelt joy.

In our dear Lord's communion
We lead a peaceful life,
Our faith beholds this union
Amidst all storm and strife.

And though no words are spoken,
We seek His face in prayer.
Such blessed hours betoken
Our Saviour's love and care.

LESSONS FOR CHILDREN

Little boys and girls should be
Busy like the ant and bee.

Like the song-birds they should sing,
Praising Christ, their Lord and King.

Like unto the lily fair
They should bow their heads in prayer.

Happy faces they should show
Like the stars that twinkle so.

And as plants of God above
They should grow in faith and love.

LET US BE TRUE CHRISTIANS!

Let us trust in our dear Master,
Who has saved us from disaster.

Let us love Him and adore Him,
Praying fervently before Him.

Let us preach to every nation
His most gracious invitation.

Let us carry on His labors,
Rescuing our poor lost neighbors.

Let us cling to Him who won us
Until heaven dawns upon us.

MISSIONARY HYMN

"Go forth in all the world," our Master said
To His disciples, "and my Gospel spread."

O let us follow this divine decree,
And sound the message sweet o'er land and sea!

Our hearts should pray for those that stray like
sheep
Without a shepherd near the yawning deep.

Our hands should willingly and freely give,
That dying souls may be revived and live.

Lord, pour on us Thy Spirit's quickening dew,
And make us missionaries live and true.

ALSO FOR THEM

So many unbelievers
And heathen go astray
In spiritual helplessness,
In sorrow and dismay.

The promise of the Gospel
Is also meant for *them*;
The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son,
Was also shed for *them*.

Oh, let us, then, have pity
On them in their distress,
And lead them from those barren wilds
To faith and happiness.

"REJOICE EVERMORE"

1 *Thess. 5, 16*

We sometimes blunder so,
Poor mortals that we be,
That things are often here below
Replete with misery.

But Christ our griefs allays
With mercies numberless;
Then let us magnify His praise
By constant happiness.

AGAIN THE NIGHT HAS ENDED

Again the night has ended,
Again I leave my bed;
My God, Thou hast defended
Thy child from harm and dread.

And now there is before me
My work, the day's demand;
Dear Father, I implore Thee,
Lend me a helping hand!

EACH DAY

A little while each day
I love to steal away
To poetry;
It sheds its blessed ray
On me and makes me gay,
Just like a child in May,
From sorrow free.

A little while each day
I love to sing a lay
Of nature sweet,
Of work and happy play,
Of flower and shady way,
Of fruit on golden tray,
And many a treat.

A little while each day
I love to kneel and pray
To God on high.
Though man is only clay
The Lord says never nay,
He helps without delay;
To Him I fly.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father in heaven, we pray to Thee,
Who sittest in eternity
On Thy great white throne of infinite fame,
O grant us Thy Spirit to hallow Thy name
By holy doctrine and godliness
Amidst the strife and artfulness
Of the wicked world which is ever erecting
A tower of Babel, Thy grace rejecting.—
Increase on earth Thy Kingdom of grace,
Let Thy Word run swiftly from place to place
To the distant heathen that droop and pine;
Lord, let Thy countenance on them shine
And hasten the coming of Eden's cheer.—
Grant that we may not only hear
Thy Word but also do Thy will;
With daily bread Thy children fill.
Forgive our transgressions,—so will we
Forgive our debtors heartily.—
When the temptations of life surround us
And Satan, world, and flesh would confound us,
Bruise the old serpent under our feet
With its allies, and after the heat
And toil of the day, when we long for rest,
Take us to heaven, the home of the blest,
Where neither sin is found nor ill.

O faithful God, our prayer fulfill;
For Thine is the Kingdom, great King of kings,
Who rulest with wisdom and kindness all things,
And Thine is the power and the praise.—
To all eternity, Ancient of days,
Thou shalt be glorified by us;
Amen, yea, yea, it shall be thus!

BEFORE THEY CALL, I WILL ANSWER

Is. 65, 24

Along the wire with lightning's speed
The message flies in hour of need.

But faster wings the prayer its flight
Which flees to God from sorrow's night.

And even ere that ardent sigh
Has left the heart the help is nigh.

GOD'S GREAT ETERNITY

Music, poetry, and art
Beautify my way,
But pure rapture fills my heart
When to God I pray.

Radiance from paradise
Draws my thoughts above;
Solemnly my words arise
To the throne of Love.

From life's storms so cold and bleak
I repair to grace,
In the name of Christ I seek
My Creator's face.

From the mansions of the blest
Kind Jehovah hears;
To His arms I fly—and rest,
Free from doubts and fears.

Earthly mists depart from me,
And I breathe the air
Of God's great eternity
In the hour of prayer.

MY PRAYER

Son of God, Thy face I seek.
Make me patient, mild, and meek,
Willingly the evil bearing,
And Thy holy name declaring.
Gracious Saviour, hear my prayer!

Son of God, Thy face I seek.
Nearer to the mountain-peak
Of true holiness direct me;
Jesus, more and more perfect me,
Guiding me with watchful care.

Son of God, Thy face I seek.
When this mortal life seems bleak,
Let Thy mercy shine around me;
Lead me on, for Thou hast found me;
Be Thou with me everywhere.

Son of God, Thy face I seek.
I am full of sin, and weak.
Ever teach me Thy love's story,
And receive me in Thy glory;
Heavenly joy will greet me there.

BELIEVE IN GOD!

Believe in God,
For He is ever thine;
However dark the path which thou hast trod,
There is no reason why thy heart should pine
And with deep gloom anticipate the morrow,
Thou mak'st thy load but heavier by such sorrow;
Rely on Him who is forever near thee;
He knows a thousand ways to help and cheer thee;
For Jesus' sake thou art His child and heir;
Abandon torturing doubts and anxious care
And seek in daily earnest prayer His face,
Enduring willingly His chastening rod,
For thou wilt yet behold and taste His grace;
Believe in God!

Believe in God
And listen to His voice,
His promise is no empty, withered pod,
But thou wilt taste its kernel and rejoice;
Be still; His hour will come; perhaps to-morrow
Or e'en to-day His hand may turn thy sorrow;
Rely on Him who is forever near thee;
He knows a thousand ways to help and cheer thee;
Cry in our Saviour's name and persevere;
Thy heavenly Father counts thy every tear
And sigh, with great compassion. Christ will guide
And guard thee ever with His "beautious rod"/*
And lead to heaven thee at eventide;
Believe in God!

*Zech. 10, 7.

OUR TREASURES

When tears of pain drop from our eyes,
It is so helpful, good, and wise
To view our treasures which we prize:

Our Saviour's grace, our Father's love,
The presence of the Holy Dove,
And our inheritance above.

How fleeting is our earthly woe!
We're only wanderers here below,
To our beloved home we go.

GOD'S GRACE

O God, how great and glorious is Thy grace
Which Thou bestow'st on Adam's fallen race!

Great joy transports me, as the time goes by,
Because Thy Judgment Day is drawing nigh.

From that day forth our earthly pain will cease,
But perfect bliss will reign and heavenly peace.

For when we shall have entered Thy abode,
Our life will be an everlasting ode.

NA TURE AND OTHER SUBJECTS

SPRING IS NEAR

Winter, thy breath is cold
And pierces like a spear
Thrown by a robber bold
Or cruel buccaneer—
But happy spring is near.

The trees look bare and brown,
The fields forlorn and sear,
All nature wears a frown,
And yet I'm of good cheer,
For gentle spring is near.

True faith lifts up our hearts
Into a higher sphere,
And when earth's sorrow smarts,
Hope takes away our fear,
For heaven's sweet spring is near.

SNOWFLAKES AND ROSES

The snowflakes are in winter-time
What roses are in spring,
As messengers, God's messengers,
Their lovely songs they sing.
The snow proclaims His purity,
The roses red, His love.
O messengers, God's messengers,
Direct our thoughts above!

A SPRING DAY

Let him who will, be worried,
But, friends, let *us* be gay,
Let grief and fear be buried—
The sky's so blue to-day!

Why not enjoy the weather
And drive dull care away?
Let's just be glad together—
The sun's so bright to-day!

THE GLORIES OF SPRING

O the colors of the world
Are so fair,
When its banners are unfurled
Everywhere.

O these early days of spring
Are so bright,
That they make a person sing
With delight.

IN SPRINGTIME

Hear my little ditty:—
My delight is great;
Nature looks so pretty
In her robe of state.

At this festal season
I proclaim her fame;
And this is my reason:
She's a sunny dame.

SO IS A GREAT IDEA

The sun with royal splendor
Transforms the sea and land
And makes a laughing picture
E'en of the desert sand.

So is a great idea;—
Pervading us, it throws
Poetic charm and radiance
On ordinary prose.

RETURNING FROM A WALK

Returning from a walk
In good old summertime,
I had a pleasant talk
And then I penned this rime.

The sunshine, land, and air,
The hue of woods and sky
Had freed my heart from care
And filled my soul with joy.

GOD'S GOODNESS

We justly call thee queen,
Sweet rose; how fair thou art!
Our God prepared thy fragrant sheen
With truly wondrous art.

Dear birds, in forest bowers
You chirp your glad refrain;
Your Maker gave you songs and flowers
And built your green domain.

You fish in waters blue,
You beasts upon the land,
The Lord our God created you,
Sustains you with His hand.

And so He cares for us,
His sons and daughters, too,
With goodness free, magnanimous,
And ever, ever new.

THE RAIN POURED DOWN ABUNDANT-LY

The rain poured down abundantly
Upon the thirsty soil,
Supplying our necessity
And blessing human toil.

Our God be praised! The drought is gone.
Rejoice, O world of men.
The field that languished, bush, and lawn
Appear refreshed again.

And now the sun with smiling rays
The earth, our mother, woos,
And nature as in vernal days
Displays its brightest hues.

Behold the rainbow in the sky,
More beautiful than gold;
The Lord who hears our every sigh
Is faithful as of old.

WITH MY WIFE AND CHILD

When my work was done to-day,
Evening breezes mild
Wafted peace and joy to me,
For I sat beneath a tree
With my wife and child.

Care and din had fled away,
Turbulent and wild,
And my heart was light and free
As I chatted merrily
With my wife and child.

Pleasant talk and laughter gay
Hour by hour beguiled ;
Fond affection on me beamed,
And the sweetest dreams I dreamed
With my wife and child.

O how kind is God alway,
Who in mercy mild
Thus befriends and blesses me ;
May His blessings also be
With my wife and child !

HOME-KEEPING HEARTS ARE HAPPIEST

The autumn leaves have fallen weeks ago,
The wind is prowling like a hungry wolf,
Cold winter sways his scepter out-of-door,
Now is the time of joy and rest within.
How calmly every day is gliding by;
This afternoon seems like a happy dream,
My wife is making little Christmas gifts,
Our boy is playing with his colored toys,
And I am studying an Advent text;
Tranquillity pervades our thoughts and hearts,
O quiet home life full of poetry.

TO-DAY I VISITED MY FRIEND

To-day I visited my friend,
We understand each other,
Our souls harmoniously blend,
I love him like a brother.

I talked till late at night with him,
And all my joy and sorrow
I freely did confide to him,
Relief from him to borrow.

He too poured out his heart to me,
And so our conversation
Became a mutual ministry
Of precious consolation.

ONE MAN IS VERY RICH

One man is very rich, but also very sad;
Another's purse is light, and yet his heart is glad.

The one on horseback rides, the other on Shank's
mare;
Is this a great mistake upon the earth so fair?

Oh no!—*How much you have*, my friend, is all the
same;
But *how to use it right* should be your earnest aim.

THE BLESSINGS OF LABOR

After laboring strenuously
You will relish life
Calmness and ability
Follow toil and strife.

War on indolence declare,
Worthy tasks pursue;
Then will blessings choice and rare
Still descend on you.

LINES CONCERNING A WORK TO BE PERFORMED

Saviour, for this deed
Thy advice I need.

Anxious nervousness
Causes but distress.

Real health impart
To my inmost heart.

Trust in God provide;—
Foresight be my guide.

Teach me industry,
Grant ability.

Like a pioneer
Let me persevere.

My endeavors bless,
Crown my eagerness!

TO-DAY WE MET IN CONFERENCE

To-day we met in conference.
It was a treat for me;
I did not feel the slightest
Displeasure or ennui.

Discussions proved instructive,
A help in time of need;
The brethren's chat was also
Enjoyable indeed.

A PRAYER FOR PEACE

(Written in 1915)

O Lord of Hosts, who makest wars to cease,
Have mercy on the world, restore its peace!

O Thou that visitest with punishment
The evil-doers that they might repent,
And raisest them again, if they deplore
Their fall, have faith, and henceforth sin no more,

Incline the rulers' hearts to peace! Extend
Thy helping hand again. The conflict end,

And with it devastation, loss of life,
And all the horrors of this awful strife!

Especially our country dear preserve,
And do not deal with us as we deserve.

As heretofore, bless us continually
With peace and undisturbed prosperity.

O God and Father, grant our prayer in grace,
For in the name of Christ we seek Thy face.

PEACE

Yesterday I was depressed,
But to-day I'm glad again,
For we earthborn people are
To continual change subjected,—
And yet I carry
Abiding peace,
The sweet peace of JESUS,
Within my heart;—
And this is my motto:—
To weep o'er my faults,
To trust in Christ's grace,
To live *not* unto self
And sin,
But to serve my God and my neighbor
In love;
To devote myself
To art, in my sphere,
And to limit my endeavor

To what God has given me
As my talent,
Utilizing it well;
Bringing forth fruit
With patience,
And waiting
For eternal life.

HOME

Whether I work or whether I pray,
When I am sad and when I am gay,
Withersoever I roam,
When I was young, when I shall be gray,
Ever and ever I am on the way,
I'm on the way to my home.

Dear are the faces I love here on earth,
Golden the hours of contentment and mirth
Under the heavenly dome,
But the most happy and glorious day
Shines not on earth, for I am on the way,
I'm on the way to my home.

I'm on the way to God's garden of light,
Where I shall pick thousand flowers of delight
Not to be found on earth's loam;
Heaven's bliss and beauty will never decay,
Never grow older; I am on the way,
I'm on the way to my home.





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